" Non omne molitor que fluit unda videt." That stuff wound up a polite note which I got from Forney last Saturday about noon, requesting me to meet him in the private room of a celebrated oyster cellar that evening at half-past nine, to take some ovsters and have a talk. I was there by nine. went down stairs and asked a man who was opening oysters if Col. Forney was around. Another man came up, and says he, "You want Col. Forney, eh? I reckon you are Mr. Sam Green. It's all right, then. Just go outside, up the steps, and knock at the second door you come to, and ask for Mr. Carey." I did as directed, and one of the most polite colored gentlemen that I have met with answered my summons. "Are you Mr. Carey?" asked I.

The identical gentleman to whom you allude,'

"I have a note from Col. Forney requesting-"Indeed; have I that honor-Mr. Green, I suppose. Very glad indeed to meet with so distinguished a person," said the accomplished Carey, bowing very deeply. "Col. Forney has a private room engaged up stairs, and covers are to be laid for two-only two, Mr. Green. Of course it is an important affair. Will you follow me?" I did so mechanically, and without observation. When we reached the room ! found everything nice.

"There is to be a recherché supper for two, Mr.

Green," said Mr. Carey.
"Reshershey? Oysters I thought; but I will read my invite," and I spelled out Col. Forney's note. "Take a seat Mr. Carey and read that note-if you can, said I. Mr. Carcy thanked me for my politeness, and took a seat and the note. "Does it not say oysters? nd nothing in it about a Reshershey supper?" larey smiled, and asked if I understood Latin.

"What has that got to do with oysters?" "Colonel Forney is a very learned man."

"But, Mr. Carey, what has that got to do with oys

"Oysters are good to pump with, Mr. Green-or to stuff with. When Col. Forney orders a room and cysters, somebody is to be stuffed or pumped. 'The miller don't see everything that floats by his mill.' Mr. Green; and though you are a great correspendent in your way, perhaps Mr. Forney means to nsinuate confidentially by his letter that you don't see everything that is going on in detail, which may embarrass your operations, Mr. Green. Oh! I know Col. Forney. I was the leading barber in this place for fifteen years. I have often had Col. Forney under my thumb, and I know him Mr. Green. Have a care. If you don't mind he will kill you with kindness. Remember-for here be comes."

At that moment Forney entered. "How d'ye do, Carey. Send up the supper. Ah! Sam—glad to see you. What's that darkey telling you—what do you get new? I have got any quantity of things to tell you-perfectly rich! Are you coming in the Union? I know you are, and so I shall talk to you as one of us. By the way, a great many things that I have got to tell you must not be known as coming from

" Hold on a bit, Colonel. Am I to say anything?" "Not necessary at all. Will you take anything?"

"Not a drop."

"Look here, Sam, you have made some abominable blunders in your letters. You will be better posted now that I am backing you up. I can keep you as straight as a loon's leg."

"Perhaps you will be so good as to explain when I have blundered, sir. All that I have written, sir, have been facts."

"Don't flare up, Sam, and put yourself in the family-I mean keep cool. You are generally right in your letters but not in the complete details. Now, about Clemens, and what Frank-the President, I mean-said to him : you didn't get at the bottom of that matter. It's a devilish good joke, by I (way, but Frank-the President, I mean-got out t his latitude. John Van Buren was along with llemens, and Frank-the President, I mean-used is Northern talk, forgetting, don't you see, that lemens was a Southern man, and listening atten-ively to every blamed word Frank—the President, ean—said, eh?"
That was rich; but it don't amount to much.

"That was rich; but it don't amount to much. You cool men can read the President."

"I can, but you don't. My God! Sam, if you knew what trouble I have had to keep that man respectable and straight, you would pity me, Sam. He is eternally putting his foot into it—getting into some sort of stew. By the way, how will you have your oysters—stewed, fried, raw, roasted, or how?"

"Go on—never mind the oysters just at present."

"I have to watch him like a child. Hang it, Sam, I have to quietly keep a dozen watching him. Only a week ago I had the cursedest row you ever heard of."

"What was it, Colonel?" "You remember that blamed old water reservoir fountain, &c., in the grounds fronting the White

'Very well indeed; what was the matter with

"Why the President took into his precious head that it created a miasmi, and that as he was going to be here for eight years, he would have it filled up. It cost the government about \$30,000 to make it." "I understand."

"I understand."

"Well, Frank ordered Mr. Breckenridge, the Superintendent, to have it filled up. It was done Sam, and that cost a cool \$9,000 more. In making the charge this fool of a fellow makes out the bills stating the exact facts. Frank—the President, I should say—told him to alter the bill, and have it read different—call it incidental improvement money, or something of the sort. Breckenridge refused; and do you know that I have had to run from Dan to Bersheeba, night and day, to keep the whole transactions out of the cursed papers?"

"Indeed, you do have a hard time. But why did the President wish that the real facts should be suppressed and a false statement made by the man who had charge of the matter?"

"Oh, his blamed foolishness. He has got a pre-

suppressed and a false statement made by the man who had charge of the matter?"

"Oh, his blamed foolishness. He has got a preposterous idea in his head, Sam, that he has a chance to be re-elected again, and, thought that the loss and cost of \$39,000 would be raked up, and called White House extravagance, like Ogle, of Pennsylvania did, when he gave Van Buren dickens down the banks about the gold spoons."

"Why don't you go out more, Sam? I don't see you around as much as you ought to be, and as much as you must be if you come in the Union to assist me. I keep travelling. Why, the other day I was at a funeral in the morning, and at a party given by the Brazilian Minister in the evening."

"Hold on, Forney. I've heard enough. I understand something now. That is what the poet meant when he wrote 'from grave to gay,' ch?

"Oh, Sam. Joking upon serious subjects. Grave—that is the funeral—graveyard—and gay: the party in the evening. Not bad, Samuel, my boy; but my dear child, don't open your eyes so big. I was not alree. Hundreds of gentlemen and a great many ladies that met at the funeral met at the Brazilian Minister's party in the evening. People will die; but the live ones must keep moving. You ain't half awake about that Gadsden treaty. Do you know Col. Jem Gadsden? Can't he swear? Didn't he give particular fits in that line to Frank—the President, I mean—one nice morning? Oh no! certainly not."

"What was all that about; come Forney, let us in

"What was all that about ; come Forney, let us in

"What was all that about; come Forney, let us in a bit?"

"Really Sam, would you like a dip in that pool? Say the word and you can have it, if you will go the treaty in the Herald?"

"You don't understand me. I don't want any interest. What does it all mean? What is this Sloo business, and the Garrey grant, and all that?"

"Why, they are all the same. The Sloo crowd are in one as much as in the other; if the Garrey succeeds its all right, and if the Sloo succeeds we are all fast and hunk—Hargous. Harris, and the whole of us. We are bound to win, no matter what turns up trumps. Didn't we come the gag over old Marcy and Frank—the President, I mean—beautifully? Oh no! of course not."

"Did or did not old Marcy instruct Gadsden to make that treaty, or not?"

""Upon my honor he did not. He didn't know bosh about it until the grass was all cut and dried, and then the old buster did flare out some. He did, I reckon, but then it was too late. The child was born and christened 'The Gadsden Treaty.' That's how it come, Sam, that old Marcy denied so stoutly that there was any treaty when the Herald as how the one, Sam, that old Marcy denied so stoutly that there was one made. Gadsden came home, as he thought, with flying colors and six feathers in his travelling cap. Old Marcy gave him special jesse, and took him down a foot when he called at the Department of State, and then Gadsden told what ward did and said."

"Who told Warn what to say?"

"Then was it when Frank—the President—was

who told Warn what to say?"

Who told Warn what to say?"

Then was it when Frank—the President—was

He was as innocent as a babe unborn. He
Ward's commission, and a namesake of yours
he correct instructions to Ward, eh?"

t why did Mr. Davis—"
he shut up, Sam, don't appear so infernally
at before me, if your name is Green. Davis is

a trump card. He knows upon which side his bread is buttered, and money ain't so plenty down in Mississippi that any of her sons can afford to throw away the chances to make a big pile."

"Well, Colonel, you are a pretty party—a blessed set. Where do you all expect to go when you die?"

"To purgatory of course. But we shall all, of us, I hope, delay our departure as long as practicable and keep a stiff apper lip in the meantime. 'Never say die.' That's my motto, while there is anything to be prade. What are you so terribly down on the Presi-

hope, delay our departure as long as practicable and keep a stiff upper lip in the meantime. Never say die.' That's my motto, while there is anything to be made. What are you so terribly down on the President for? He is a good fellow—he is a gentlemanly fellow. Suppose he does smile occasionally—suppose he does play dominoes a little—or, suppose he was to have " We all have got our little weaknesses. Because a man is President, is he to deprive himself of every innocent enjoyment. No Sirree, hoss, he is not. The only thing I blame Frank for—the President, is, he mucks things so infernally. Only the other day John McKeon of New York, was on here. The President had him up here, talked "hard" at him like a brickbat. Told McKeon that he had heard John Cochrane was in Washington, and asked Mr. McKeon if it was so?"

"Well, what harm was there in that?"

"Why, John Cochrane was in the next room, and back to him went Frank, and told him how completely he had bamboozled John McKeon."

"That was uskward."

Awkward? It was imprudent; but it gave me a great deal of bother to keep McKeon from finding out the double game. Frank is constantly doing them little tricks, and it don't pay. Talk about my being a favorite with the President—why, he owes me everything. If I did not manage things for him, and keep all straight, I do believe he would have been hooted out of Washington, Sam, by the hack drivers, the only independent class of the population. But now let's have our oysters; and here comes my respected colored friead, Mr. Carey."

Silence reigned for some time, and Forney took a drink, and then came the oysters, got up in elegant style; and for two hours afterwards Forney drank and I smoked and he told me more about gamblers, pickpockets, high and low plunder thieves, than I, in my new and comprehensive philosophy, ever dreamed of. Forney is great upon those subjects. His position at the White House, and his berth in Congress gives bein a great chance to be well posted upon all of those interesting topids and when we did

"Where are you going, Sam?"

I turned my head, and bowed it respectfully to the President. He reined his horse up to the sidewalk, and put out his gloved hand. "Sam, I must have a long talk with you to-night. Where can we com?"

we go?"
"Back to my room, if it so please you. I am en-tirely at your disposal."
"It does suit me; but what can I do with my

horse?"

Just at this moment one of the editors of a Washington paper came up the street. "Dug.," says the President, "just take my horse and lead him up to the stable. I have an engagement with this gentleman, and I will walk home afterwards."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world, Mr. President. I am but too happy to serve you in any

way," replied the obsequious editor, whom the Pre-sident addressed as Dug. "Den't attempt to get on to him. He will throw

n," observed the President.
'Most certainly not, if such is your pleasure, Mr. President.
"And after you have led him to his stable tell the

"And after you have led him to his stable tell the stable boys to give you a drink," said the President, and as the horse and his leader walked away he added, "What a dutiful beast."

"Who, the horse or the man, Frank?"

"Both, both," he replied, and putting his arm within mine, "Now come along to your apartments, for I have much to tell you." When we got to the entrance of my house, who should approach us but Col. Forney.

"How do you do, Colonel?" said the President. For-ney winked at me, and placed a finger upon his lips, as much as to say "Shady my boy," and then he ad-ded "Quite well, Mr. President. How do you feel. By the wen, Mr. President. How do you feel.
By the way Mr. Green, I have not seen you for some
time—are you quite well?" and he shook me cordially by the hand.
"We were just going up into Sam's room, will you
come along, Colonel?"

With great pleasure, but perhaps you have something private?"
"Oh, nothing but what you may hear, for you know

I regard you as my second self, and Sam knows that also;" and we went up into my little crib of a place. As soon as we entered the room the President took off his coat, boots and hat, and flung himself on my

"Make yourself at home," said I.

"I am doing so; what the deuce did you mix me up in that duel business for in your last letter?"

"Yes. What did you mix the President up in that business for?" chimed in Forney.

"You know as well as I do that it was all the proper said I.

true?" said I.

"True; but the truth is not to be told at all times,
Sam," said the President.

"The truth is not to be told at all times, as the
President wisely remarked," said Forney.

"And you pretty generally adhere to that opinion,"
said I.

'Sam, don't I look good on horseback?" said the

"Sam, don't I look good on horseback?" said the President.

"Don't he look splendid, Sam?" asked Forney.

"Well, I shant say nay to either."

"I flatter myself that I astonish strangers occasionally. I always ride close to the hotels, and go down the Avenue, so as to give outsiders a chance to take a good look at me," said the President.

"He always does," says Forney.

"That's extremely kind of you."

"No, Sam, it is not kindness. It is my duty to do so." said the President.

"It's his duty to do so," said Forney.

"That respectable old gentleman, Mr. Custiss, says I am the best dressed President that ever reigned in Washington, and he has seen the whole kit and boodle, from Washington to me," said the President.

"I agree with you and with Mr. Custiss," said

"I agree with you and with Mr. Custiss," said Forney.

"From Alpha to—Omega, eh? But old Mr. Custiss is a notorious flatterer of men in power. He finds out their weak points, and then doses strong; but you are generally well dressed. When you get on the patent leathers, and have your hair so nicely curled, I wonder you ain't afraid to travel about without a guard."

"A guard—why so?" asked the President.

"Why so?" said Forney.

"For fear the ladies will devour you. You must spend a great deal of time in having your hair curled every day? It makes you look pretty, though."

"I don't have it curled on that account," said the President.

President.
"No, indeed," said Forney.

"No, indeed," said Forney.

"For what purpose, then?"

"It induces thought, and composes my nerves.

While my hair is in the irons my brain is free, and I decide my most important determinations in such moments. The time I spend in dress, Sam, is not wasted. I then think of my country and my positive "said the President. n," said the President.
"He thinks of his country and his position," said

Forney.
"Go it, patent boots," said I.

"Go it, patent boots," said I.

"Sam, do you know a man named Col. Grandin?" asked the President.

"Colonel Grandin?" asked Forney.

"I know a gentleman of that name, who was once aid to General Taylor," said I.

"A very tall, grand, sour, dignified sort of person?" said the President.

"Sort of person," said Forney.

"Yes—what of him?"

"He lives in New York, but has been on here very recently. He is a good sort of fellow; I like him, but some of my friends turn up their noses at him. I think I shall do something for him. What do you think? How would it do to send him to Constantinople in place of that one there, that Marcy swears if I don't remove he will resign as Secretary, and if I thought he would I would remove the Minister at Constantinople?" said the President.

"Perfectly right, Mr. President, we would be so if we would remove Constantinople," said Forney.

"Well, I don't know, Mr. President. Col. Grandin, like yourself, has been his own worst enemy in one regard, but you all grow wiser as your heads grow weaker and older. Send him to Constantinople if you see fit; but I think he is Russian instead of Turkish in his principles," said I.

"Sam, I am going to be frank with you," said the President.

"Be frank with you," said Forney.

President.

"Be frank with you," said Forney.

"I hope you always will be Frank with me," said I.

"Very good indeed, Sam," said the President.

"Very good, as the President says," said Forney.

"It is talked about town, Sam, that you don't write the letters that appear in the Herald," said the President.

"It is precisely as the President says," said For-

ney.
"I don't write my own letters. Why pray who is the person that is supposed to do me so much kindness?"
"Well, there are several names mentioned," said

"Well, there are several names mentioned," said the President.

"Several," said Col. Forney.

"And pray, sir, will you be so kind as to mention the names of the distinguished parties to whom I am indebted, and who are supposed to write my letters?"

"Name one."
"Well, then Col. Grandin is one." said the Presi

"Yes, with pleasure," said Gol. Forney.
"Name one."
"Well, then Col. Grandin is one," said the President.
"Col. Grandin one," said Forney, eagerly.
"In the first place, Mr. President, let me ask you one question without being considered impertinent."
"Ask away," said General Pierce.
"Away," said General Pierce.
"On no, certainly not," replied the President.
"Most certainly not," said Forney.
"That being understood, my honor is not involved, and I am curious to know who are supposed to be my writers. You say Col. Grandin is one."
"But I don't think he is," said the President,
"The President don't think he is," said Forney.
"And Pray who is Mr. Shankland?"
"A Mr. Shankland," said the President.
"Shankland," repeated Forney.
"And pray who is Mr. Shankland?"
"Tell him, Col. Jack," said the President.
"Tell him, Col. Jack," said Forney, and he proceeded to say, "Mr. Shankland greelly at me.
"Who is the next candidate?"
"They talk of the Senator from Key West," said the President.
"Yes, Key West," said Forney.
"Why do people suppose it is him, sir?"
"Oh, I don't. Tell him, Forney, why it can't be the Senator from Key West?" said the President.
"Yes, Key West," said Forney.
"Oh, I don't. Tell him, Forney, why it can't be the Senator from Key West?" said the President.
"Yes, Key West," said Forney.
"Oh, I don't. Tell him, Forney, why it can't be the Senator from Key West?" said the President.
"Key West!" said Forney.
"Oh, I don't. Tell him, Forney, why it can't be the Senator from Key West?" said the President.
"Yes, key Heration in writing those world widely celebrated 'Russian articles' in the Union."
"You are right, Forney," said the President.
"You are right, Forney," said the President.
"Yes, he President is perfectly correct, as usual; the name of Lester has been mentioned."
"Yon the president is perfectly correct, as usual; the name of Leste

Forney.
"Sam, do you know John McKeon, of New York?"

"Sam, do you know John McKeon?" asked the President.
"Yes, Sam, do you know John McKeon?" asked Forney winking at me. "I have seen him." "What do you think of him?" said the President.
"Yes, that is it?" said Forney.
"I don't want to answer you, for reasons which I

have."
"I am very intimate with him. He has a great deal of influence among the Hards," said the Pre-

deal of initiaence among the Hards, said that is sident.

"Hards!" said Forney.

"I saw him here, and saw you were very thick with him, and I should like to know what political dead head you are not thick with. There is some magnetic influence that attracts a President without a party to honorable dead heads. John Tyler went to his death on dead heads. Every old used-up political party hack that he could get into his support he was after with a perfect looseness. John McKeon counted one when he had a vote in Congress.

gress.
"Well, upon my soul, Sam, you do talk plain."

"Stuffer."
"Who do you call stuffer," asked the President.
"Yes, who are the stuffers?" asked Forney.
"Forney is stuffer No 1. I could enumerate twenty-one stuffers that float in your atmosphere, that are in reality leeches. They lie to you in every way and shape. They tell you that you are what you are not. They make you believe you have fulfilled your high mission, when you have not. They tell you that you will be the next President, when you have not a living chance, and you will leave the office an overthrown man, unless you change your tacties."

"Sam, stop. Do you know what the Bible says, 'It is great to have a giant's strength, but not to try to n like a giant.' That's the way I feel towards you. I know my power, and I listen to you because you cannot hurt me. I shall be nominated unanimously, and elected by acclamation in 1856," said the President.

President.
'The President has hit the nail on the head,' said

mously, and elected by accumation in 1806, said the President.

"The President has hit the nail on the head," said Forney.

"Mania, by Jupiter."

"What is that," asked the President.

"Yes, tell the President," said Forney.

"You have got the mania—the Presidential mania, as sure as my name is Sam Green, Jr."

"Explain yourself, Sam. I don't understand you," said the President.

"Explain," said Forney.

"Well, I will try. Every President, when he gets elected, thinks he is another Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, or Jackson, and goes in for another term, as they did. That is the first symptom. The second is to believe every lickspittle that encourages that belief; and the third symptom is to place the action of the government under the indirect control of these lying lickspittles. Oh, you have got it bad, and I am afraid there is but one cure; that is to witness the inauguration of your successor. Then look around, and try to find a Presidential stuffer."

"Sam, I can convince you that my chances are not only good, but sure. Listen to what Pierce Butler told me, and it will prove that I must be elected again.

"Are you convinced?" asked Col. Forney.

"I cave in, Mr. President. Its a new idea."

"Don't you perceive, Sam? Why, its a sure thing. It's as certain as that two and two make four. Then, again, you know how I got my nomination?" said the President.

"Sure." said Col. Forney.

"Yes, yes; but that dodge can't be tried twice. It's old now. You can't have no Edmund Burke moving round, telling abolitionists that you are with them, and free soilers that you are all right, and Southern men that you are 'more than right." Oh, no."

"I am not answerable for what Ned Burke said?"

Oh, no."

"I am not answerable for what Ned Burke said?"

"The President is not responsible," said Forney.

"You was a free soiler, and Burke knew it. He stuffed the Southern men, and now he tells the truth." truth."
"I don't care. I have got rid of that horrid scar-

stufied the Southern men, and now he tells the truth."

"I don't care. I have got rid of that horrid scarlet letter business by my course on Nebraska. I rather think I used up your Herald lance then, eh! took wind out of the Herald's sails on that tack, eh! Mr. Sam?" said the President.

"Exactly so, Mr. President." said Col. Forney.

And here the President laughed fit to kill himself; at last he recovered, and says he, "Sam, mum's the word; but I must tell you how I come it over these fellows from the other end occasionally. One of the members of the House called on me a few days since, and I got him to talk about Nebraska. Says he 'What is your real opinion of that bill, Mr. President?' 'Well, sir,' said I, 'the bill of Mr. Douglas, as originally introduced. I regard as a very proper bill; in fact, a bill that we could all support. The amendments, or at least a portion of them, are extremely sagacious and wise, and I must confess, and I say it with great frankness, that although there are many and varied opinions as to the proper course, yet I agree with some, and in reference to the others it requires thought and prudence. If the bill should pass and become a law, with or without some of the amendments, my own opinion is that it will be satisfactory.' What do you think the member said, Sam?"

"Yes, what do you think," said Forney.

Here the President actually bent over and laughed until I thought he would choke.

"He stared at me like a stuck pig, and finally he shook me by the hand and said he feit gratified and proud to be honored by my confidence and opinion. Oh! Sam, it takes me to manage business. Let me get one of those fellows alone, and I can wind him round my finger. Yes, Sam, that is the course I shall pursue, and the result will be that while there may be different particular man or opinion, and I shall be nominated and elected by acclamation. You will see," said the President.

"I agree perfectly with the President," said Forney.

"That is all very nice, Frank—extremely so. Did you ever see a bir

"I agree perfectly with the President," said Forney.

"That is all very nice, Frank—extremely so. Did you ever see a bird called the ostrich?"

"Yes: shightpokes we call 'em in New Hampshire. I've shot dozens. They are very hard to kill Sam," said the President.

"They are extremely hard to kill, as the President says," said Col. Forney.

"The bird I mean comes from the East; he gets lost in the deserts of Arabia."

"Well, what of that bird?" said the President.

"Yes, the bird?" said Forney.

"You remind me of one trait in that queer bird's character. He carries a high head and can run like electricity. When he is close chased he sticks his head in the dust or sand, with great satisfaction, and is fool enough to think that his enemies don't see his—long legs and rear parts."

it is one of your sensible jokes, so let it pass," said the President.
"Let it pass," said Forney.
"Then I suppose you consider the late elections in New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island, a joke?"

"What have they got to do with me? Look what a vote they gave me. If my name had been before the people of the States I should have swept everything before me," said the President.
"Unquestionably you would," said Col. Forney.
"Mad, by hokey! Did you ever hear of Jeremy Diddler?"

"Mao, by hoad."
Diddler?"
"No; who is he?"
"You remind me of him in your political career."
"I don't know him; is he one of your friends,
Forney?" asked the President.
"I know him pretty well by sight," answered Forney leering at me.

ney, leering at me.
"Sam, may I go to sleep on your bed for an hour?" asked the President.
"And me too, may I ask the same question?" said "And me too, may I ask the same question?" said Forney.

"Yes, yes: you are a pretty pair of turtles, and can lie together or singly, as many worthy people in this town can bear truthful witness against you. Get on or into the same bed. I will go out and take a walk, and you had one of you better lock the door inside."

'Thank you kindly, Sam," said the President. "Thank you kindly, Sam," said Col. Forney.

I was absent from my room longer than I intended, and when I returned I found that the democratic twins had sloped. It was 11 P. M.

THE MAN WOT NOMINATED FRANK PIERCE.

Curious Letter from the New York Correspondent of the London Times, on the State of Pablic Opinion in the United States.

[From the London Times, on the States of Pablic Opinion in the United States. The Committed of the Country that the struggle which we have so long been prepared to see between Bussia and the rost of Europe has come. The continent are with Pagiand and France, and all who will on them in coming to the rescue of the Tark. Our best wishes will be with you in the context, and your victories will be heralded on our shores with no less enthusiasm than they will on the shores of Britain. There is a deeper pile than mere sympathy for the Western Powers coming to the aid of the Sultan; there is a special sympathy feli by the American for the fortunes of the British nation that is not felt for France, bravely and generously as shem on the state of the sultant is not felt for France, bravely and generously as shem on the state of the sultant is not felt for France, bravely and generously as shem on the sultant of the sultant is not felt for France, bravely and generously as shem on the sultant of the sulta

money of the Czar; but they are bad sailors, and the ocean belongs to the Anglo-Saxons, for nobody else has mastered it.

From the Ealt Lake City News, Feb. 2.]

It is a custom in some places, at certain seasons of the year to have a general turn up, and clean out in the household from the garret to the cellar, and the kitchen to the parlor. From a glance at the distant windows of the family mansion of our common ancestors, we perceive things look a little like what grandmother used to call "topsy turry." The door into the long unfrequented room of Japan is half open, and Brother Jonathan has determined to go in and out, anyhow; if the key is handy, very well; if not, he will dispense with a key, and have the room brought into public use and benefit. He is not particular to scrape his boots or doff his hat either, for Jonathan has become a great and rather rough backwoodsman, who has his own notions about "manners."

Well, fifty millions of Japanese people is too large a branch of the family to remain unknown, and be shut out from the observation and acquaintance of the rest of the great family. So putting on all the lordly airs that he could ever think of, or hear of, he stalks right up to the front door of Japan, as one having to transact the most urgent and weighty business. The sovereign of fifty millions must not think to palm off any difference or neglect upon the representative of "seventy-five millions." If he does, dark clouds of deep wrath settle down upon Jonathan's brow, and in the language of the poet.

"His thoughts on awful subjects roll:

lions." If he does, dark clouds of deep wrath settle down upon Jonathan's brow, and in the language of the poet,

"His thoughts on awful subjects roll:

Eamnation and the dead!"

Still, no one must suspect him, for a moment, of departing from the favorite doctrine of "non-interference with all foreign nations!"

What next? Why, the great foldingdoors of China are thrown open! And behold the Tartars and Chinese are seen jammed and crowded together, 350,000,000, like two avalanches that have met simultaneously at the base of their towering summits. And, how did we get a sight of this long unopened manelon, containing about one half of the population of the whole globe? Why, bless you, Christianity, even, without any lawful key of access to that great abode, and out of pure benevolence, of course, with her battering rams smashed in the portice door, and dissipated the former notion of the invincibility of the Celestial Empire. The down-trodden Chinesee caught the sparks from British cannon, and spread the fire of insurrection, and sent it through the vast stubble field of human beings until the greatest of all human thrones is just ready to be cast down.

What next? Why, the same Christianity, by the same apiritual weapons of cannon and sword, has broken down the partition wall between the Burman empire and Britain. Oh, thou all-powerful Christianity to bring down so many and great nations to the "anxious seat," in so abort a time! And what is more—these nations have not been brought down to a mere nominal or legal reper"ance, but it is an unmistakable genuine sorrow, deep as death.

What next? Why, Turkey, the long and peaceful abode of the prophet and his polygamic system, is too great an offence to the pure eyes of Christendom, and Mr. Cobden, the popular member of the British House of Commons, says that "Turkish institutions are deservedly on the wane, and cannot bears a juxta parallel with Christianity! Therefore let Christian Europe swallow up Turkey, and let 12,000,000 Christian Greeks emerge into the liber

right to hold real estate. Poor Turks and Jews! pity that you didn't know that "all things were done away," especially the everlasting covenants, and the promises, and adoption, and the prophets! This is an age of progress: therefore stand back Turks and Jews, and all ye heathen, and more especially prophets and apostles, God and holy angels, for we have a more ready access to the intelligence of other spheres than through you.

What next among the family incidents? Why, some serious kitchen difficulties among the servants of Brother Jonathan. Some hundreds and thousands of these darkeys are running away to Canada yearly, and Jesuitical priests are sowing discord under the profession of school teachers and mechanics, and one of the largest theological institutes in the Northern-States is said to have contributed \$20,000 the last year to aid the runaways in their perilous exit to Canada. Now, what is going to be done with this domestic institution? The greatest might must determine who has the strongest right. The more Territories and States either party has, consequently so many more delegates and representatives. The great stride between the North and South is, whose power shall overbalance the other? Each grasps for territory in order to carry the ascendency. Although it is written that a house divided against itself cannot stand, yet that maxim is easily disposed of as having been done away when apostles and prophets were rejected. Cubs. Northern Mexico, and the Sandwich Islands, together with the Canadas, must be annexed—Spain, France and England to the contrary, notwithstanding. Still, Brother Jouathan's motto is at all times non interference. The same rolls disposed for the throat, and says that 12,000,000 of her subjects desire annexation.

What next? A little more trouble in the kitchen.

and says that 12,000,000 of her subjects desire annexation.

What next? A little more trouble in the kitchen.

The Indians (filthy copper heads!) to be finding fault
when we want to Christianize and save their souls. It is
about as provoking as it was to the chaplain on board a
Cunard steamer, when the ship hands were slow to come
to prayer, one Sunday, cried, "D—n you, why don't you
come to prayer?" Governor Ross, of the Cherokee nation, has issued a timely and most solemn protest to the
general government that in their scramble for Nebraska,
to pull it into pieces, they should not violate their sacred
pledge to his nation by infringing upon Indian territory.

pledge to his nation by miringing ap-tory.

Well, what next? Perhaps we shall be blamed already for talking so much about family matters, but as we mean it only fer the family, and by no means to go abroad, we will wind up by saying that, after the day of turning and overturning is past, we look for the reign of lithin whose right it is to reign in peace and righteous-

Edwin Forrest as a Tragedian.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.
With a friend from Washington, who had come to Go tham on a flying visit, to escape the air of politics and confinement in Congress, I paid a visit to the Broadway theatre to see Forrest. We had both seen him before in

difficult to obtain seats. This theatre, as a metropolitan establishment, should be four times as large. rangement of seats is bad, and the ventilation of the house worse. The play on "our visit-the 8th inst.-was the "Merchant of Venice," with Mr. Forrest as Shylock. A large

We found the house so much crowded as to make it

proportion of the audience, as usual on Forrest's nights, was composed of the hardy mass, or middle class of citizens, with a large sprinkling of transient visiters. We must be permitted to say that Forrest's peculiar line of acting does not embrace the characteristics of Shylock. To win the entire approbation of an audience, it is not enough to exhibit good acting, but also to carry its feelings and sentiments with him, manifested in the characteristics of the part assumed. The sympathy ex. he alludes so forcibly to the persecution of his sect, is all lost at a later period, when every movement is converted

interest, destroyed the last vestige of sympathy in his favor.

defeated in this object, the revival of his natural avarice

and cowardice, manifested in his willingness to retire, if

he could only obtain the principal of his bond, without

great in all characters.

Mr. Forrest is what we would term a hero actor. While he certainly fell below himself in some parts of Shylock, and over-acted his character in others, yet none can de ny his pre-eminent success in other characters suited to

and over-acted his character in others, yet none can deny his pre-eminent success in other characters suited to his genius of acting. To here acting he is in every respect admirably fitted. To a fine, full, well poised and modulated voice, he unites a remarkably well formed physical organization. His large, muscular and well formed limbs, when exhibited in the proper dress of a hero or warrior, convey to the mind's eye the very image of the here. His walk, look, action and words, appeal to all as the attributes of a hero.

The noble sacrifice of life for one's friends or country can be felt and acted by Forrest in a way to carry whole masses of spectators with him by storm. This he has always done in William Tell, Metamora, as Spartacus, Brutus, and in the play of "Damon and Pythias." In these characters he has no living rival, and he should stick to them, and not seek fame in others unsuited to his acting. The Jewish dress of Shylock concealed his personal figure and bearing. His voice and emphasis were good; but in using them in the more vehement scenes their wonted here expression occasionally gained the mastery and overstepped their bounds. There are some characters which Mr. Forrest should never act, and others, again, which he never can act—such, for instance, is Richard the Third.

It has been-said that Richard died with the elder Kean and Macbeth with Cooper. Had a play been produced with a Wallace or a Bruce for a here, it would have been the very thing for Forrest, for no man could have made a better Wallace or Bruce than himself, or had Shakspare written a play with Caractacus, the ancient British here, as its principal character, it would have suited Forrest. This bold chief, after battling against the Roman power for nine years, under Claudius Casar, was finally, with his wife and children, led captive in chains through the streets of Rome; yet, unsubdued, he boldly defied the Romans to do their worst. How well Forrest could have repeated the speech which Tacitus says he made before the proud Emper

could have repeated the speech which Tacitus says he made before the proud Emperor Claudius, seated on his tribune, as follows:—

"Had the measure of my success been answerable to the dignity of my birth and to the greatness of my professions, I had now entered this city, not as a prisoner, but as a friend; nor would you have disdained an alliance with one sprung like myself from illustrious ancestors, and the ruler of many nations. My present condition is as glorious to you as it is humiliating to myself. But yesterday, and I possessed men, horses, arms and riches. Can you wonder that I did not tamely surrender then? If you, Romans, aspire to universal dominion, does it follow that all men must be slaves? Had I submitted to you without a struggle neither my own fall nor your successes would have been so illustrious. And now, should you resolve to put me to death, my story will soon be forgotten. Preserve me, and my name shall live an eternal instance of your clemency."

Claudius, struck with the noble speech and bearing of his prisoner, ordered the chains which bound him and his family to be instantly removed. It is said by a Greek author, Zonares, and repeated by Tacitus, that Caractacus, on witnessing the splendor and size of Rome, exclaimed—"Can ye, Romans! the possessors of all this magnificence, covet our British hovels?"—[Tacitus xii. cap. 370.

The heroes of Dr. Bird's Indian plays were godsends for Forrest, for, besides their heroic character, they had originality, and at once introduced him to renown as an actor. Next to Metamora, there is no character better suited to Forrest's acting, than Rolla in "Pirarro."

He exceeds all the Rolla's we have ever seen, and in it is without a rival. In this and similar characters he has gathered his laurels, associated with which his name will descend to the future.

Theatres and Exhibitions.

Broadway Theatres.—The engagement of Miss Julia Dean has been very successful so far. She appears on Monday evening in the comedy of the "Jealous Wife," as Mrs. Oakley. Mr. Conway will sustain the character of Mr. Oakley. "Dominique, the Possessed," a comedy in two acts, concludes the amusements.

two acts, concludes the amusements.

BOWERY THEATER—The moral drams entitled "Hot Corn," descriptive of life scenes in New York, will commence the entertainments to morrow evening, and they will terminate with the new drams called the "Lampighter," which has been dramatized expressly for this theatre.

BURTON'S THEATER—Shakspeare's comedy of the "Tempest, or the Enchanted Island," with scenery of a very beautiful description, will again be presented to morrow evening. Messrs. Burton, Placide, Jordan, and Miss Raymond appear. The amusements conclude with the farce of "Trying it on."

farce of "Trving it on."

NATIONAL TRIATRE.—A new moral drama entitled the "Child of Prayer," will be produced for the first time to-morrow evening at this establishment. Little Cordelia Howard appears as Marie, and the other leading characters will be sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Prior.

WALLACK's THEATER.—Mrs. Cowley's cemedy of a "Bold Stroke for a Husband," which has been produced at great expense at this theate, is announced for to-mor-row evening. The cast embraces the names of all the leading artists. "Love and Murder" concludes the ampsements.

leading artists. "Love and Murder" concludes the amusements.

ARRENA MUSEUM.—The selections made for Monday by the manager are the new local pieces—the "Partition Sult" in the afternoon, and the moral drama of the "Oll Brewery" in the evening.

Cumstr's Minstrama.—The usual attractive negro performances, consisting of singing, dancing, and instrumental pieces, are announced for to-morrow evening.

Wood's Minstrama.—The new operatic burletts of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is selected for to-morrow evening"s performance.

cle Tom's Capin' is selected for to-morrow evening's per-formance.

BUCKIEV'S STREMADERS.—This band give a very good en-tertainment to-morrow evening.

WHITE'S SEREMADERS give their negro delineations to-morrow night at the St. Nicholas exhibition room.

PROFESSOR HART'S EXHIBITION OF THE WHOLE WORLD is given every day at 377 Broadway.

GRAND CONCERT.—Paul Julien will give a vocal and in-strumental concert, at Niblo's saloon, on Tucsday evening.

Grand Concert, at Niblo's saloon, on Tuesday evening.

An Artsrical Isheritance—Approve of Paul Juliun's Concert, at Niblo's saloon, on Tuesday evening.

An Artsrical Isheritance—Approve of Paul Juliun's Concert—This wonderful child, who has just arrived from Havana, triumphant and loaded with presents—massive gold crown, diamond rings, rich breastpins, charms, watches, etc., etc., announces that he is about to give a concert at Niblo's Saloon on Tuesday next, assisted by several distinguished artists. This concert has a particular feature which will add still to the reputation of this young and great artist.

13te Listz, who, finding no more difficulties to overcome upon the piano, one day attempted to give a new element to his ambition by the execution of a classic depended, so with Paul Julien. He determined to point out, by the side of known difficulties which he had long since overcome, still greater ones, and thus to recede the limit of execution to the farthest possible degree by producing new effects added to an irresistible charm.

For one year this child of genius, as he is called, has labored to produce a new problem, the scalled of has labored to produce a new problem, the scalled of the strempted in the first place, ext. of simple annae.

ment, and afterwards seriously, and with an extraor-dinary perseverance, for a child, to play upon a single string, (the fourth.) the beautiful variations of Mayso-der, composed for the four strings of the instrument, and by which, for a long time, the greatest violinists have gained their reputation. It is interesting to tell the motives that have instigated Paul to the bold un-dertaking that he has just accomplished with so much success.

have gained their reputation. It is interesting to tell
the motives that have instigated Paul to the bold undertaking that he has just accomplished with so much
success.

It is connected with a violin which our young artist
poasesees, and which was played upon by Paganini once
in his life under very curious circumstances. We will
relate this ancedote, which we have never seen in any
biography of that illustrious artist, and it proves that
the heart of Paganini was not, as has been said,
so insensible to the sufferings and misfortunes of others.

In 1839 Paganini, who was astonishing all Europe with
his success and by his discoveries, accomplished a radical change in the art of the violin, arrived in Marseilles
incognitio, without any intention of playing there. The
evening he arrived in that city Paganini was walking towards the Rue Beauveau, and entered the Café du Commerce to take a glass of beer, and read the newspapers.

He was hardly seated at the marble table when the
squealing sounds of a violin drew his attention suddenly
from his reading. Paganini looked in the direction
whence proceeded these sounds, and beheld a man with
pale face and pinched features, caused by suffering; his
dress was ragged but clean, denoting that his misfortunes were accidental rather than the consequences of
vice. When the itinerant artist had finished the air he
was playing, he cast a melancholy look around the tables
of the café, took his hat and commenced a waske.

A few miserable pennies, thrown disdainfully into the
violinist's hat, formed the meagre receipts, and the artist
gathered them up with a sigh. He was preparing to
leave the café to try his fortune elsewhere, and already
was the bex that was to receive the violin opened, when
a person of strange appearance arose suddenly from his
seat, and without saying a word, took the violin from the
hands of the poor musician, and played on the fourth
string of the instrument with joy, and he purchased it.
Ten years afterwards, in 1849, Paul Julien, who was at a loss

From California, March 15, we have the following :-

Lee and Marshall's circus is also at the capital. F. M. Kent still remains at the Sacramento theatre

F. M. Kent still remains at the Sacra mento theatre.

We see no late mention made of other theatres in the interior, from which fact we infer that they are closed, and their usual companies rusticating.

The general meeting of the Royal Theatrical Fund Association was held in the salcon of the Lyceum theatra. London, on the first Wednesday in March, Mr. Buckstone in the chair. The report of the Secretary was read, showing the funds of the Society to be in a highly satisfactory condition, and that the benefits of the Association had been realized in several instances. The sum of £20 had been veded to the relief of the children of Mrs. Warner, and £3 to enable the widow of an annuitant to proceed to America. There were but seven annuitants on the books. During the past year twenty new members have joined, which makes the present number one hundred and thirty-one. Four members had died during the past year, and one withdrawn. The total receipts for the year were £1,152 [48. id., and expenditures £500 [68. 1½d. The balance, together with the former sum, made the present assets £7,463 16s. 6d. The report was most favorably received, and unanimously agreed to.

ably received, and unanimously agreed to.

The Paris world has had a profitable theme of discussion. A gentleman named Vuntier married an actress named Pugos—on the stage, Durand. She soon resumed and continued her old habits of dissipation, being abetted therein by her mother, till at last the husband resorted to the rather strong measure of cutting her all to pieces with a dagger. No fewer than thirteen wounds were counted on the body. The immediate provocation was the discovery of a letter, without address, but supposed to have been written to a young Wallachian, of whom he had for some time been jealous. This was in December. The trial took place last Saturday (the 10th), and the jury acquitted the prisoner.

Mr. E. Chorley is the author of the new piece, "The Duchess Eleanor." It was not very successful, and was withdrawn after the first week.

Covent Garden Italian Opera was to sommence on March

Mr. E. Chorley is the author of the new piece, "The Duchess Eleanor." It was not very successful, and was withdrawn after the first week.

Covent Garden Italian Opera was to commence on March 28. Costa continues as musical director. Mario and Grisi (who deny all intention of visiting America) are engaged, as well as Alboni, the finest contrait in the world, Lablache, Bosio, Ronconi, Tamberlik, Tagliafico, and others. Mademoiselle Amedei, as second contraite, and others. Mademoiselle Amedei, as second contraite, and Hamilton Braham, as baritone, are likely to be engaged, as well as Sophie Cruvelli. It is averred, with great positiveness, that Jenny Lind will certainly appear.

From Paris, March 12th, we learn that the principal musical event of the week has been the début of Madlie. Marie Damoreau, daughter of Madame Chini Damoreau, a lady who, it is well known, has created a number of talented pupils in an excellent school. At a recent concert at the Salle Herrs the young vocalist sang Mozart's simple and charming romance, "Voi che sapete," which was received with unusual applause. She is not intended for the operatic boa." At a present; she is too young, but she will prove a valuable acqui.

The announcement of the death of Rubint has created a great sensation amongst the operatic circles of our capital. The late charming tenor is said to have died worth £40,000 sterling, the greater part of which he gained in England.

Madame Stolts, after singing with great applause at Turin, has entered into an engagement to sing at the opera of Pesth for twenty-five nights, at the liberal sum of upwards of 3,000 louis.

The new opera, "L'Etolle du Nord," continues to stract crowded houses at the Opera Comique; the whole of the music of this popular production has just been published, and Musard has already formed several sets of quadrilles from the airs.

At the Italian Opera was revived "Il Donna del Lago," supported by the whole strength of the company.

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At the Italian Opera was revived "Il Donna del Lago," supported by the whole strength of the company.

The company of French artists at present in St. Petersburg have experienced some alarm at the prospect of a war with France, and applied to the Minister of State as to the protection to be afforded them. The minister sent a very gracious reply, giving them the strongest assurance of personal safety, adding that the Russian government would "never be hostile to talent." The grateful artistes sent a polite letter of thanks.

Madlle. Ida Bertrand is about retiring from the operation boards.

Madile. Ida Bertrand is about retiring from the operatic boards.

SUICIDE OF A YOUNG WIFE.—The New Orleans Delts records the suicide of a beautiful and interesting young wife in that city. The name of the unfortunate woman was Mariana Lowe; she was about sixteen years of age. About a year since she married a man named Lowe. They lived unhappily together and she has had reason for believing that her huaband had ceased either to love her or to remember and respect the yows he had made in marriage, and had transferred his sfleetions to another woman, who resided in the immediate neighborhood. Day before yesterday, the young wife for huaband having been absent from her for several days, repaired to the house of this woman and inquired if her huaband was not there. She was answered by the woman, "I don't know anything about your huaband, but there is my husband," polating to a gentleman seated in the room, in whom the young wife recognized her truant lord. She uttered not a word of complaint, but returning to her home, despatched the servant to a drug store in the vicinity for an ounce of landanum. She wrote a long and extremely pathetic letter, and then taking landanum, laid herself down on her unhonored bridal couch and died. Yesterday morning her mother visited the house very early, and found her daughter dead. She stated, "that having nothing more to live for, deserted by him she loved, and robbed of all hopes of happiness in this world, she preferred death to the miserable existence which lay open before her, and she calmly and deliberately destroyed her own life by taking laudanum. She would not upbraid her husband; she had ever and still dearly loved him—forgave him all the wrongs she had suffered at his hands, through his cruel neglect and desertion. She hoped, too, that fied would forgive him as she did—and that he might live long and happily." The husband came in while the inquest was being held, and appeared a good deal affected, and expressed sorrow for the loss of his youthful and beautiful wife; he, ho

From California, March 15, we have the following:—
Opera and ballet have been drawing good houses at the
Metropolitan during the past week. Madame Thillon has
appeared twice in "La Sonnambula." and on Friday evening in the "Daughter of the Regiment." The Monplaisir trouge have been the attraction on the alternate
nights. They have produced this week the ballet of
"Gistelle," and two new divertisements, "L'Illusion d'un
Peintre" and "A Quarter of an Hour in Naples." This
theatre is now lighted with gas, and is completed in every
respect. respect.

Messrs C. R. Thorne and C. E. Bingham have removed from the Adelphi to the American, which they opened on Monday evening. Mrs. and Miss Belby, Mrs. Thorne, Miss Emily Thorne, and Messrs. Thomas and Charles Thorne, Jr., are among the members of the company. The original and complete drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was produced on Wednesday evening. It is got up in very good style, with most of its characters well sustained. A little girl by the name of Anna Quinn, six years old, has made a decided hit in the character of little Eva. The Backus Minstrels are still performing at the San Francisco.

The Rousset Family are about to sail for Lima. Previous to their departure, they will receive a substantial and well deserved compliment in the nature of a complimentary benefit. Mrs. Sinclair has tendered the use of the Metropolitan for the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Baker, who have amassed a hand-some little fortune in California, are about revisiting the Atlantic side. They have acquired considerable popularity here. Mr. Murdock has been prevented by indiposition from Mr. Murdock has been prevented by indiposition from performing for some weeks past. We are pleased to learn, however, that he is fast recovering.

Madame Anna Bishop is at Sacramento city, where she made a very successful first appearance.

Miss satitlda Heron, after performing an engagement at the Stockton theatre, is now playing at Sacramento. She appeared as Juliet, Mr. Wilder playing Romeo.